Across The Miles
For St. Patrick's Day

As long as you can't be right here
On this St. Patrick's Day--
Sure any place that you might be
Is much too far away,
But faith, no place that you might be
Could ever be too far
For special thoughts to cross the miles
And be right where you are. even if it's on Mars or en route.

Marjorie Morris

8037 Robson
Detroit, Michigan
March 27, 1953

Mr. Scully I have had my second period of Grace between 9:30 and Ten pm my Little Mary was in me, and when I saw her face, it was a reflection of my own. And I knew she would be with me because she told me that I was going to be visited between nine pm and nine am, ao I set the alarm for nine am and told my father, Louis of the blood of Joseph, he also was a cappenter in his youth in Damascus, Syria, that I would not be home, that I was at work. It was very still except for the charging of car batteries at about the same time my Grace was with me- I told them at work that my mother is out of town tending a sick child and that my father needs me at home.

Mr. Scully, my little Mary told me that her Terra, Mars, is dying and her people have two choices, to come to Earth in a great exodus to live with us or to force Lilibet's hand on that lever to kill our Terra to rekindle Terra ours, and in the Bible (Malachi) it mentioned three shepherds dying in a month, despised by God, Stalin, Gottwald and of Mary the last remnant of Empire, and it said of a man of the Branch (Red Branch, Erin) blind in his right eye, waiting for his land's unity. Mr. Scully, tell my little Mary that in my father's house there are many mansions, and she is welcome to my bed and her seed to my seed's and her parents can sleep with mine for they have been well conditioned. I love life, I love me, I love my little Mary, my Lilibet of me. If Earth is young Mars and Mars is dying, let little Mary and her family live with me. And the door of my room, while Louis the carptenter fooled with his wooden house door. I saw a glow at mine that is not here now. and as I lay on my bed these words came to me and Grace (a good strong electrical charge like the one in my womb) touched my finger so I wrote these words in long hand and came down to read them to my father a young carpenter once in Damascus, and he understand and said, God be with you that me may able to pray in Church this Easter Day.

Mr. Scully speak to me for Mary.

Kiss her for me, and tell her one hundred thousands welcomes from me to her, Marjorie Morris Maphooz the scribe of the seed of Damascus

Described
@ 11:48 PM

Bem Haven
8037 Robson
Detroit,28,Michigan
January 11,1953

(Please excuse the cheap typewriter paper-type stationary, when my writing gets the practice and polish it needs to land my saucer on a friendly publisher's desk,I'll get some high class spacey type personalized stationary,maybe imported from You-know where with a watermark in Saucerian script.)

Mr. F.J.X. Scully
2071 Grace Avenue
Hollywood, California

Sláinte Na h-Scully
Sláinte Na h-Saucerians(both big and little)
Sláinte Na h-Pentagonians(Yes,even health to them,though sometimes I wish they would drop dead.)

But most especially Sláinte Na h-Scully because you sure deserve it, You certainly have had more than your share of otherwise.

Yes,December 4th has come and gone hasn't it. So has Christmas and New Years with nothing more important announced than Ike's visit to Korea and the President's revelation that we have the H bomb and weapons even more powerful.(Now,just what could they be? Three guesses) Of course,nobody was astounded when the President revealed our possession of the H bomb and nobody will be astounded when the Air Force finally decides to hang its gremlin sized undies on the public washline. The Pentagon's project public conditioning has taken care of that. As victims of that project shall we file suit against them for damages to our delicate nervous systems or shall we settle out of court for a ride in a saucer and a personal introduction to the little men?

Can't you just visualize the scene that must have taken place when this project started about three years ago. Scene:
Secret office in secret Air base,White Silica New, Mexico . Several men seated together in comfortable swivle chairs. Some of these men far under minimum height reqiurements for US Af but within normal range for their own ,23 to 42 inches. These men are discussing Air Force proposition regarding flight and travel plans.

AF officer speaks to short blond saucerpilot:(maybe he gestures and draws pictures instead,but one way or another,he gets the idea across)
"Fellas we are glad to have you pay us this nice friendly visit and we understand your natural curiousity and desire to visit various parts of our large and interesting planet,especially this country, the good old USA,but your presence here has raised somewhat of a problem."
Short blond officer:"How so?" (Or saucerian equivilant)
Tall plump AF officer squirms before answering; "Well,it's like this.You see boys,many citizens of this fine country and others of this planet,are not in the proper frame of mind to accept visitors from another planet.Many citizens would get quite upset at the idea of tourists from Mars walking around and about their famous landmarks, especii especially resentful of the idea would be natives such as those who live around Harper's Ferry New Jersey."
Short blond;"How come?"
Tall plump;"Well there was this man named Orson Welles and this other man named H.G. Wells and between the two of them they made the name Martian highly obnoxious to people who live in that territory,also London England."

Short blond:"How?"
Tall plump:"My you are full of questions,aren't you? Well, if you must know,this man named H.G. Wells wrote a story called "War of the Worlds" and in this story some very unpleasant characters caused much distress to our lovely world and its inhabitants. These unpleasant ones spread much disaster around and about by killing many defensless citizens and laying waste to their lands."

Short blond: "My, that does sound very sad. Was these unpleasant characters Russian Communists such as you have warned us against,or Fascists like those in the service of the late A. Hitler, or British Black and Tans putting down a rebellion or was they members of a crime syndicate?"

Tall Plump:"Well,not exactly.Those charzcters you just named,while very nasty and greatly despised by our more progressive citizens, would have been considered old friends compared to the characters in this story. You see these characters were like nothing we ever heard of until Mr. Wells gave them such popularity and noteriety on his radio program some years ago. These unpleasant ones were not human. They were monsters from another planet.Unfortunately Mr. Wells represented them as citizens of your territory, which we call Mars. They were known as the Wellsian Martians and many citizens became greatly alarmed when Mr. Orson Welles broadcast a program that made out as if these nasties were actually paying us a very unfriendly visit.The very thought of Martians coming to this planet still causes riots in less developed parts of this world. Why only a year or so ago, a radio station in South America put on the same show and caused such a disturbance that angry citizens tore the station apart and shot some of the staff. You beginning to see what we are up against now that the inevitable has happened and the real Martians have dropped around to visit us? "

Short B: "You trying to tell us that local citizens will look upon us in the same light as Mr. Wells' creations, that they will look upon us as invaders instead of friendly visitors?"

Another gremlin speaks up: "Please to interrupt, but you be so kind as to sketch picture of low type character Mr. Wells dreamed up as his idea of our race?"

Tall plump does the best he can and shows gremlins a rough drawing of octupus type varmint that science fiction writers have embraced,in the dark ages of J.Vernes and H.G. Wells, as the prototype of intelligent extraterrestial life.Gremlins wince somewhat as they pass it around. One or two take a quick trip to the john as the sight upsets their delicate digestive tracts. The others talk among themselves in native dialect. When the weaker ones come back from their relief flight to the wash room,the spokesman hands the AF man the drawing and speaks.

"Sir,we are more than slightly insulted by this gross misrepresentation of our race but we do not hold it against Mr. Wells. In the dark ages of our own history,there were writers who also misrepresented your intelligent races. We are not happy that such lovable little characters as ourselves have to buck this preconceived notion of a Martian but if you really want to see a monster you should see the old time writers' conception of an Earthling.Boy, makes me sick to think about it. Was a story once I read about them made my hair stand up. Took quite awhile for our early explorers to convince our people that them old writers was wrong. Now you got same problem. How you gonna get around it?"

Tall plump and buddies; "We already have a plan in motion. We are going to condition the public to accept space flight ideas and interplanetary communication. But we must have your cooperation. If you drop in on our populated areas before the citizens are in the proper frame of mind to accept you, unhappy consequences might result, You would not want to get shot on sight by a panicky Earthling, would you now?"

Gremlin: "Who you trying to kid? We in no hurry to get ventilated, any guy aims a gun at us is gonna have a fast moving target. We come a long way to collect souvineirs but we want to do it in nice friendly atmosphere. We go along with your plan, we in no hurry. What you got in mind?"

TP: Well, first we'll get the right bait for the suckers to bite on. You fellas can fly over designated areas and arouse the curiosity of the suckers then they will go after some planted information, get all upset by what they find out and in turn arouse curiosity on the part of other citizens. We already have the sucker list at hand. People such as flyers, newspaper reporters, scientists, science fiction fans and writers. Oh, we have a long list of the type of fish that will take our bait."....

And this it was that project Public conditioning got under way (or a reasonable facsimile) So whose names got top billing on that sucker list? Well, among such as K. Arnold, R. Palmer, D. Menzel, E. Velikovsky (Yes, him, too) was one F. J. Scully and near the bottom of that list were such names as J. Henderson. B. Hamlin, L. Larson, M. Morris and others too many to mention. For awhile some of these characters were pretty upset by the blips they picked up and their scanners were overexposed to flying saucers, but that's as the Pentagon planned it. Soon all these characters became very vociferous regarding their opinions on the subject. They often forced these opinions on anyone who would listen, for awhile they were regarded as crocked on the subject and they were too, but the Pentagon wanted it that way. These exitable ones were in such a state that nothing could stop them. They had a mission; to condition the public to the idea of welcoming the little men when they were presented. There was a strictly ulterior motive in all this. The interested persons wanted to get on the good side of the saucers. They wanted to ride in them or at least to get top priority on the waiting list. Now the fury and noise is lessened. The ~~exitta~~ excited ones are calmer. They are even mellow. They have done their duty. Now all is over but the shouting (From AF sources)

Let me give you an example of the present state of mind of one of these unofficial agents. One female humanoid initials M.M.

M.M. no longer dominates the coffee hour of her place of employment ~~HK~~hospital with her opinions on flying saucers. She drinks her coffee, smokes her cigarette and listens to the conversation around her. Every so often one of her waggish companions asks her if shehas heard from any of the little men. This crack does not even raise a charge. MM just smiles, takes a long draw on her Pall Mall and says, "Not personally but I'm in no hurry. I expect to meet one some time before too long. What's new with you?"

Just the other night one of these coffee sippers made the comment. "Morris what's happened to you? You changed in the last few months. How come you are no longer up in the air about flying saucers?"

Morris: "Because it's no longer neccessary. I've done my duty. I've shot my wad. You are all conditioned so why should I continue to harp on the subject. If one of the gremlins were to walk in this minute, you guys would not be alarmed, you would invite him for coffee and ask him

to give you a ride.Some of you would try to take advantage of his mathematical skill by trying to get him to figure out some winning number combinations(And they would too)"

They all agree ,especially about the number combinations, and the discussion is ended.

There is an interesting twist in this story,though,for the flying saucers got Morris's forceline tangled up with Irish politics.Now this is what happened. While scouting around for information on little people,Morris read some Irish history books and became highly distressed at some of their content,especially that concerning English treatment of Irish nationals. Before she got hot on saucers she toyed with the idea of writing a story that would use the flying saucers and little people as tools by which Ireland got even with England and got them to allow the Partition plebescite to be held. Well,she dropped this idea when the great flying saucer revelations hit her,but as the calm settled and she became normal again,the story idea still seemed too good to pass up so she started writing what started out to be a short tale, now ~~it~~ has expanded to a full length novel. Only thing that bothers its author is how to keep it authentic. This story is based on factual history so it is going to sound like a factual series of events.Now here is a rough outline of the plot.: a saucer lands in Northern Ireland, time,now. Two gremlins meet a leprechaun couple who have a great love for Ireland,even though their ancestors may have come from elsewhere. These leprechauns are familiar with the Partition situation because they have been observing a native couple for years.This native couple is very unhappy because the man, a newspaper editor,has given his childhood vow to a father mortally wounded in the Easter Rising,that he would not know a woman until Ireland was free and united. This causes much frustration to himself and sweetheart,one gentle lady who has waited twenty years for the day of the Vote. It finally gets her down and in the earshot of the gremlins and leprechauns she gives him a choice of her or Ireland and walks off on him. He prays for heaven to intercede and this gives the leprechaun his big chance to pay the native back for saving his life many years before. Gormac ,the leprechaun blarneys the gremlins into helping him carry out a drastic plan to force Britain to give Ireland's six north counties the vote. He gets the gremlins to kidnap PrinceCharles and Princess Anne from their beds,not hard at all with their equipment.They leave a ransom note that demands the vote on Partition,or else,also no harm must come to any Irish people. This causes no little distress in the UN.Britain raises a storm and demands US and UN help to force Ireland to return the children.Ireland denies the kidnapping so then the Reds get the blame.They deny it and blame it on Irish Americans in the States. They also deny it. Everybody passes the buck and all the time Churchill gets hotter and hotter in his threats to Eire. The editor,who doesn't realize that all this was done for his benefit, decides that the time has come to sound the call of the harp around the world so that Ireland will get support from those who owe a debt to Irish legions who fought in amost all the wars of this planet,He plays his harp loud and rips England's fog from Irish history. He digs up all the double dealing policies and atrocities of England against Ireland and broadcasts them to the world,with the help of the Gaelic Legue. Soon much embarrasment comes to England and the United States,which has reluctantly sided with her. Russia sees her big chance to whitwash herself and look like a big brother to the underdog,so she offers De Valera her services.He accepts because his Irish is up by the pro-British stand of our President. The editor,O'Donnel of Belfast, who goes to Dublin ~~fast~~ as soon as he hears about the kidnapping, as he is a prime suspect and couldn't do much for Erin from a jail Cell,defends this acceptance of Russian aid by comparing the worst atrocities of the

Reds to the nearly unpublized atrocities of the British Black and Tans. He tells what history has recorded and tempers flare when Britian's past becomes public property. Britain demands the US to stifle the rising wave of Irish sympathizers in America by trying to have the Gaelic Legue declared a subversive organization and pro British congressmen, ie Fullbright, try to get a bill on the floor reactivating the Japanese relocation camps to send Irish Americans to in case of war. In order to block this legislation, every Irish American in Congress even Mc Carthy, who gets investigated for his Irish American activities, take part in a filibuster that lasts throughout the critical period. This filibuster keeps the Gaelic Legue from becoming subversive so that it can continue its aid to Ireland unmolested. Now many other organizations and nationality groups support the Gaelic Legue and send money and men to Eire as defenders in case of actual hostilities. Many service men take french leave and end up in the reactivated Fianna. All the countries in the world send Defenders to Erin in the nameof the Irish brigades that once fought for them. From Israel to Haiti and South Africa defenders buck a British blockade and pour into Ireland. This worries Churchill no little and he tries to cut down to the flow of Americans by demanding a tightening of our Eastern and Western Seaports. The government cancells all flights and voyages to Ireland and holds back would-be Fenians of draft ages from leaving the country via the East and West coast, but they very conveniently forget to forbid anyone to go to Canada. Canada sees her chance to get a nice bit of revenue by allowing the Fenians to use Canada as a port of entry to Ireland. Naturally such border towns as Detroit and Windsor become known as gateways to Dublin. In a chapter called Under the River and Over the bridge there will be a literal description of Detroit's activities in supporting Eire. Much to Britain's chagrin, Canada pays no attention to her distress at the Dominion's policy, regarding her border ~~policy~~. Canada asks no questions about the ultimate destination of the Fenians' who stream across the Ambassador Bridge, the Detroit to Windsor tunnel and other such ports of entry. Because of its size and accomodations Detroit becomes the most important of these border towns. This pleases our citizens no end and they go all out for Ireland. The rush of Fenians stimulates business and provides much interesting activity. Now in order to keep Britain off her neck, Canada makes one important stipulation to the Fenians. They can pass through the country to the St. Lawrence Seaports and to the Air lanes of Gander if they spend at least one hundred dollars in Canada. In order to get the money for revenue, Canadian officials all with names such as O'Conner, Murphy, O'Brien etc. set up stands at the entrance to the Canadian side of the Tunnel, Bridge and other border posts to sell Mapel Leaf Pins with Shamrocks in the center. price One hundred dollars apiece. These pins enable their wearers to pass through Canada unmolested. When Britain complains about the Fenians coming in from Canada, the Canadian government says that they have no intention of discouraging the rising tourist trade as it is giving them an added source of revenue that is most beneficial to the country. Canada is not as noisy in its Irish Support as the US because of its Dominion status but they give support in more subtle ways, such as sending an ~~Irish~~ bagpipe band to Detroit every Wednesday to pipe the Fenians across the bridge to the Gaelic Legue headquarters in Windsor where they get road maps and accomadation lists. Many Canadians also turn up in the Fianna. Now in order to keep this straight I went to the Gaelic Legue in Detroit to get their reactions on the story and pertinent information. The first thing I saw on entering the room was a large poster that said in green letters "Abolish Partition in Ireland"

The officers of the League gave me some very good sources of information and it seems that I had them figured out right, for their reaction was much the same as outlined in the story, short of actually going to War and having to give up their American allegiance, they would go all out for Ireland. Well, the story gets around going to war by having some bright characters think up a tale that puts the blame on the saucers and lift the pressure from Eire. When Queen Elizabeth hears this story, done by a couple of men working on a Pentagon project, she becomes very distressed and gives in to the demands. Churchill doesn't like this but Elizabeth tells him that since she is Queen, she should have some say in the matter, especially since it is her children who are kidnapped. Churchill sulks but O'Donnel and De Valera win her over and she lets the vote be held. Of course the vote will be nullified if the children aren't returned safely, so many parayers are said for their safe return. Nobody really knows who kidnapped them so there is a great deal of tension on the Day of the Vote. Nobody is in a mood to celebrate until after the children are returned for they know that if they are not, Ireland will get Hell from Britain and the US would be helpless to prevent it. When Big Ben strikes twenty five times, this is the signal that they have been safely returned and every church in London takes up the signal. Prearranged, for the benefit of the many people who are in churches and synagouges praying for the childrens safety, where most of them are by the way, because Britiain has said that if the children are harmed or not returned she will drop her new H bomb On Dublin without any pangs of conscience. Well, anyway the tension eases and the defenders have one big celebration that leaves De Valera wondering whose side they were really on, because by the time they expend their high spirits and exhaust the supply of free liquor, Ireland is somewhat submerged in confetti, burned out, fireworks and discarded bottles, and everything goes back to normal and flying saucers. These gremlins finally get intercepted by the Air force and have an amusing time getting acclimated to the new atmosphere. Everything turns out allright, though, because the Air Force sweet talks the gremlin, our hero, into teaching them how to fly and build saucers and he sweet talks the Air Force into teaching him how to ride a horse and sing cowboy songs. (Mutual exchange of ideas) Everyone in the cast is more than somewhat surprised when our hero reveals that he did it and has the proof with him, a glass ornament that he hooked off a chandelier in Buckingham Palace on the night of the dastardly deed. He hooked it as a souvenier of native glass working craft. There are many interesting characters in this story and many interesting situations so it will take quite a while to write but as I want to keep it realistic, I have become involved in a lot of reasearch, especially about the political situation. Now tell me Mr. Scully, what would you do to support Ireland in such a situation, also the LA chapter of the Irish American club and Gaelic League?

When this masterpiece is completed ~~maybe next year~~, I'll send you a copy of the manuscript and perhaps you could advise me whether or not it will be worthy of publication.

So that is what happened to one saucer researcher. I have been so wrapped up in this story and Irish history that I even missed your appearance on TV a short time ago. I'm sorry I missed you but when the wash is on the line, you will no doubt make more appearances, maybe with some of the saucerians. I understand Dr. Menzel was also on the same program. He gets his in the story too, when he tries to explain a saucer sighting over a monster rally of Defenders at Tara, by saying that the heat of all those close packed bodies caused an air inversion layer that made people think they were seeing saucers, The story sounds reasonable but the R Af men who were nearly rammed by the saucers, give

Menzel the rasberry.So does O'Donnel who claimes they were really the ancient flying wheels of the Gods sent over to protect Ireland in her time of trouble(Rath Ramoth(A history of the Irish Race. S. Mac manus.)

Mr. Scully,I have found out many fascinating things about the Irish since I started this research and I came across the name of a famous writer of the days of the Great Dan O' Connel. His name was Dennis Scully and I wondered if he was an ancestor. The Irish are a wonderful people and it wouldn't be any great surprise if they do have a heritage that is out of this world. Maybe you have relatives among the extraterrestials, maybe we all have. There is more behind Velikovsky's research and the Funk and Wagnall people's folklore Dictionary than a love of money and a desire to collect royalties. Both books are too expensive and technical to be in the drug store racks and their appeal is more to the nosy scholar than the sex hungry rack reader so you know that they aren't going to make the profit that a Forever Amber type publication would. Now why should Dr. V and the folklorists have knowked themselves out getting their info unless it was for a higher purpose than monetary gain,a purppse such as we have already touched upon. And tell me,Mr. Scully,where did you get the notion to go after saucer info? Do you think you could have taken planted bait? I know I did. Maybe we were all self app ointed by the the Pentagon? Boy,some characters those government psychologists must be.

Thank you for the Christmas greetings and your letter and literature of December 5,1952. Thank you also for the comment on my writing ability. I'm going to try my best to get that practice and polish, but if you hadn't given your encouragement,I might not have kept on a positive forceline,so when I do arrive let it be known right now that it was F. Scully who generated the inspiring charges that kept my saucer on a positive line of force. Funny thing, but the Irish have had an influence on my life in many ways, it was an Irishman who wrote Buck Rogers,Phillip Francis Nowlan,an Irishman who gave me my legal freedom,Judge Murphy, an Irishman who sent me saucer seeking,yourself, and another one whose plea for his country inspired the story that I'm writing now.Mr. Seumas Mac Manus. Someday I hope to be able to visit Eire and see for myself the beautiful land that has inspired its lovers to such acts and songs that no human woman could compete with.

The movie Quiet Man was the first one I had seen that was made in Ireland and it was the best one I've seen in all the years I've been a moviegoer. If Ireland is only half as beautiful, it's easy to see how Kathleen ni Houlihan has kept the allegiance of her kinsmen through years and miles of time and space.

Mr. Scully could you send me another copy of "We licked our Handicaps" several if possible. In this month's Ladies Home Journal there is the condensation of a novel "Triumph of Love" by Leona Bruckner. She is the mother of a two and a half year old boy who was born without arms. Her story was an inspiration and a challenge to those of us who have no physical handicaps, to try to overcome the handicap of the perfect body. Sometimes it seems that physical perfection is a greater deterrent to mental development than a deformity. It made me realize how blessed I was in being sound in body as well as in mind,but it also made me ashamed because of the years I had spent developing or trying to,a superficial physical beauty when my most important possesion was left fallow.If I had spent as much effort on mental development maybe by now I'd have a Master's Degree instead of a sophmore rating.

Mrs. Bruckner has a great challenge and needs all the encouragement she can get. Your article would do much to help her keep up the good work,so if you could spare another,I d like to send it to her,the one you sent me, is a source of inspiration to me,for whenever I feel lazy and

low spirited, I think that if Scully can put out the work he has done, with all the sickness he has had, I should be able to do something worthwhile too. After all, my only handicap is being employed and if I weren't employed, I wouldn't be able to afford this typewriter and no writing would get done neither would I be able to afford the tuition fees that are helping to give me some practice and polish and some darn good critism.

Here is hoping that your health is holding up so that when the time comes you can take that saucer trip. There are some indications that the Pentagon may have made that New Years Resolution. The enclosed clipping of Jan. 9, 1953 is somewhat of a hint that there is more at White Sands than the AF is telling right now. The mention of titanium in another enclosed clipping is another dribble of information. Little men are still appearing in the comics and the December issue of Fate magazines mentioned an account that claimed a three foot tall saucer pilot was found along with two dead companions in a saucer more than two years ago and has been kept in an "incubator room" in a secret California AF Base, where efforts were being made to teach him how to read and write so he could communicate with us. Well, how much do you bet that he has been joined by several buddies all eager to learn English and look around this lovely land? Now you wouldn't have any information on that leak would you, or would you?

When will Secret papers be available for public consumption? Could you qoute a price on it? I'd like to send a check for one as soon as it is available. Enclosed is a check for "Blessed Mother Goose".

Someday maybe a saucer will land in Saucer Square on your ranch and some of the little men may have the chance to see The Chapel of Our Lady of the Desert and even light a vigil candle for the sould of their spacemen who hit zero on the Southwest's desert sands. Someday I hope to be able to light such a candle in that chapel myself.

According to the horoscope for Virgo, this is going to be a great year. As a virgoan, I'm interested especially since it says that far off lands and unusual, exciting people will play a part in Virgo's 1953 destiny. Something unexpected and delightful is supposed to come to virgoans around the 19th of this month. Well we'll see. All this month has brought so far is a draft notice to my brother-in-law and the return of my sister to the family fold. However if the government does start to distribute saucerian goodwill ambassadors around and about, and if you can get the word to the right parties, tell them that accomodations at 8037 Robson are spacious enough for at least two of them. The upstairs bedroom has just been given an out of this world touch with stars on a dark blue ceiling and a Sears and Roebucks special lighting fixture that looks like a silver saucer. If the little men get a chance to visit Bem Haven they won't get too homesick as the atmosphere is pretty spacey.

If you should receive a mauscript for a novel entitled Sex, Shamrocks and Saucers, don't be too surprised at that title. Such subjects are good sellers on the literary market these days, so they'll be incorporated in this story which is a tale of spacey blarney dedicated to three Irishman Nowlan, Scully and Mac Manus and another gentleman with a somewhat Slavic sounding name (in these critical times, Russian names are best referred to as Slavic) a Dr. Emmanual Velikovsky.

Please excuse the sloppy spelling and messy typing.

Your loyal but now calmer Defender,

Mayoie Morris

Bem Haven
8037 Robson
Detroit,28,Michigan
November 23,1952

Mr. Frank Scully's
Bedside Manor
2071 Grace Avenue
Hollywood, California

Dear Saucerian ambassador(King Sized)

Here is a short note,about 5oo words,to let you know I am still collecting clippings and waiting patiently for the true confessions of the Air Force re flying saucers and small fair haired men. Yea and to the millenium I shall wait,if need be for said revelations. I am patient.I've shot my wad.I've done my duty for my government..Not one of my acquaintances can deny that they weren't exposed to a large dose of Morris's personal little men from Mars saucer conditioning project. If the goverment gives honorable mention to any unauthorized public conditioning agents,the science fiction fans and writers should be on top of the list.OH,how we sweat to undo the damage of the monster loving HG and Orson Wells and Welles. When the roll is called up at the Pentagon and the casualty lists are compiled,many delicate science fiction loving imaginations and nervous systems will be on it. Not all of us have the patience and sense of humor of this nearly feeble minded correspondent,some sf writers still shoot sparks at the mention of flying saucers and related subjects. Some jump into bed and under the blankets when invited to join a flying saucer debate. Many of them are getting fitted for straitjackets,but not me.Ha,I have a sense of humor,or the ridiculous and I have riz above it. When asked when I expect the revelations to come,I just flap my arms like a windmill,cross my eyes,foam at the mouth,point to Stella polaris and scream,"How the Hell should I know. I not in the Air Force." But now I have another lead.Oh happy day,yes another one.

A few days ago,in the Detroit Free Press a columnist noted that on Dec 4 at a dinner for Arthur Godfrey,Air Service Command,General Vandenburg was expected to give out with some interesting news to the public.Could it be? Is it possible? Well maybe. After vandenburg is the head of the Air Force and if anyone knows it should be him. Is Arthur Godfrey going to be appointed Interplanetary goodwill ambassador at this dinner.Is he going to get the key to Marsport from one of the little men?Tune in on Dec 4,1952 and see. Why not? They've already sprung the H bomb or reasonable imitation on us,the Peace on Earth good will toward men Christmas season would be an ideal time to present the public with an interplanetary brotherhood pact, signed by the Saucerians and the UN.

Just think,gremlins under the Christmas Tree!How I would like to have some as holiday guests!That past request still holds,if you can give the good word re goodwill hosts,please keep my name in mind! How is your book writing schedule coming? On time? Will SBFS come out with the revelations.Will you face the same situation as the character in the enclosed cartoon? I hope to myself one of these days,for I have undertook a project.I have finally got a plot lined up for the gremlin leprechauan story. With the help of an English instructor who hates cliches,I may get the thing published.It's fun to write and I like it.

so it can't be too bad.They say if an author likes to read his own works,they are satisfactory to other readers. It is being written in a scientific type jargon with many magnetic terms. Mr.Werry insists on originality and he is getting it. Instead of getting angry with each other,these characters fission off at one another. When they are right,they are riding a positive charge or on a strong forceline.When they are wrong they are negative.When someone clarifies a situation,he clears a screen.To udnarstand a statement is translated as picking up a blip. It's fun to write but keeps me busy thinking up atomic and space flight age idioms. When the book gets published,and it will,I'll send you a copy,for you started the chain reaction that lead to it, writing. They say books hold a great influence on people's careers and I believe it.If I had never read Behind the Flying Saucers,I might still be content with Buck Rogers and the Galactic Digest.Now I have to get in on the act myself or ~~I'll~~ fuse a tube in frustration. This is a sloppy letter but I've still a long line to ride before I'm an accomplished typist or good speller.Just so long as you made contact with the clippings and the latest lead.(You most likely know as much as Vandenburg,anyway)If I have finally hit the right magnetic field with this prediction,I'll blow my jets celebrating,maybe even blow a paycheck to put in a personal contact via phone to You in Hollywood and mine darling Marill in Seattle.He is also just about ready to fuse a tube in impatience.

Signing off for now,best wishes to the little men,the Scully circus and the air force Bems

Marjorie Morris

Someday you may hear tell of a science fiction story entitled Sex, Shamrocks and Saucers!

Someday you may even read it.

P.S. Happy Thanksgiving

Bem Haven
8037 Robson Avenue
Detroit,28,Michigan
October 13,1952

Mr. Francis Joseph Xavier Scully
Scully's Operation Bent Light Ray
Rancho Pancho
Desert Springs, California

Dear devoted Public,

So it was another false lead. So what? When it comes to predicting wrong dates for Revealations re flying saucers and short blond men,la Morris is ever an expert. La Morris is also ever an expert when it comes to sloppy typing and poor spelling too.So I worked like mad writing up Cunegonda's adventures and getting them mailed to a certain unmentionable, to science fiction editors, Irishman and a certain unmentionable,to Scully, editor of a certain galactic digest.

Morris is ever one to work like mad when she has a deadline to meet,but is also ever one to procrastinate when she thinks there is plenty of time. Maybe it was a good thing that she did think that she was working under a Columbus Day deadline,else she may never have got those natural phenomena clippings sent out to you. I swear to the Almighty Spirit that I really didn't have any idea that the reply to your letter would end up a 38 page single spaced manuscript but once the idea for reporting her experiences in story form got started, there was no stopping til Cunegonda's adventures were completed. I never enjoyed writing anything so much in my life,even took off two nights from work to meet the supposed deadline.

Certain officials of a large metropolitan TB san think that one Marjorie Morris,Practical Nurse(the kind that does the dirty work for their RN's or as they call themselves 'professional Nurses' meaning hospital top brass) was suffering from an acute case of tonsilitis but we know better.

She was really suffering from an acute case of creative copositionitis, or 'you-better-hurry-up-and-send-those-clippings-in-to-Scully-and-answer-his-letter-before-he-takes-a-trip-in-a-flying-saucer-and-forgets-all-about-your-request-to-have-him-put-a-good-word-in-for-you-to-the-almighty-powers-of-the-Pentagon-itis.

I carried your letter around in my notebook for two months,thinking that one of these days I'll sit down and send him those clippings and answer it," but 'one of these days' stretched into weeks and then into months before I finally did sit down,and then I sat down at eight hour intervals for five days before the great masterpeice was finished. To add insult to injury, (What the hell,who really cares whether i goes before e except a c anyway?) Scully didn't even get the original to that masterpiece,but instead got the carbon copy. The original was sent to one H.R. Gold,a certain unmentionable editor of a certain unmentionable galactic digest called Galaxy Science Fiction Magazine. In the future Mr. Gold will know better then to make gracks regarding cults,such cracksas "stay away from the Scully cult", Mr. Gold will know,hereafter,that if it weren't for getting sucked into the science fiction cult,of which he is a prominent member,I would never have got sucked into the flying saucer-little men-Scully-Folklore Dictionary-Velikovsky-Project Saucer:Little Men:Public Conditioning Cult in the first place.

Cunegonda's adventures are true.Everything happened as reported, although the writing style was more than slightly reminiscent of Voltaire and Max Schulman,two gentlemen who Cunegonda admires very much and would like much to emulate. Now that they're over,it's a lot of fun to remember them but I would hate like Hell to have to relive them. When you said that I was driving in too many directions ,you were soo right. When I look back on my activities of the past year,I actually wonder if I wasn't being propelled by magnetic energy myself,never thought it possible for one person to do so many things at once before,and all in the hopes of

meeting the little menand(Oh,God! Will I ever learn to space words properly?) their families and taking excursions in their bent light rays.(best equipped bent light rays in history,even to the tiolet facilities and bucket seats.)

The very same journalism professor who last year said that my writing 'lacked discipline' is now saying,"It still lacks discipline,but I enjoy reading your copy because it is obvois that you love to write. It's such a pleasure for me to read the copy of someone who enjoys writing for a change. Most of my other students act as if their souls are being torn out of them if they have to write more than 500 words on an assignment."

It is hoped that Mr. Gold will appreciate the humor of one Cunegonda Dionysia Mc Gee,for she used the back of his rejection slip for the title page of her manuscript,with the stipul ation, "In case of rejection, please use enclosed rejection slip as it is still in very good condition."

One thing for certain,if it weren't for Cunegonda getting so het up about flying saucers and little men,she would never have met one William Hamlin(alias Marill Corham),and if she hadn't met one William Hamlin,her life would ever be incomplete, because one William Hamlin is everything in a man that Cunegonda will ever want out of life. He has everything and plenty of it,including an acute case of flying saucer little menitis. In fact our love letters are composed of far more words concerning little men and their space ships,than they are composed of 'moonlight and roses, soft words of love and passionate phrases'. This is as it should be because were not Cunegonda and Marill destined to be interplanetary goodwill ambassadors by the Almighty Spirit himself? Were they not so destined by a force far and above the power of Our Father the Federal Government? A force that controls all matter,and all living creatures wherever they be, on all the planets,in all the universes,in all the galaxies, and in all creation, for is he the power behind creation itself. It will be a good lesson to the people of Earth when they find out that His image is found on planets other than Terra. It will be the lesson that they have needed these many centuries to get them off their high horse.Once they realize that God so loved humanity that He created it elsewhere,they will start loving it themselves and it will matter less to them what a man's race be, so long as it is the human race,for underneath the many and varied exteriors we are all the same no matter what our creed, color,or planetary origin.

It is a wonderful thing when you of the Irish race,and I of the Semitic race can write to each other as friends with a common interest between us,even though we have never met,because we are both of the human race,though your creed is Catholic and mine is Jewish.(An' do not think, Mr. Scully, that bein' Irish,your people have claim on the 'little ones', for it is also written in the ancient folklore of Judea, accountings of little people, such as the three little cobblers whose adventures are even today recounted in Yiddish folksongs. Sure an' maybe the leprechaun shoemaker of Ireland had a cousin who spoke with a Jewish accent instead of a brogue.)

Whatever it takes to become an interplanetary goodwill ambassador, by the dictates of our Father the Federal Government, rest assured that one Cunegonda Mc Gee and one Marill Corham will endeavor to attain those requisites.

As the morning hour now points to four and as I have a ten am class, I shall endeavor to close this letter. Since you were kind enough to enclose both photographs of yourself and the youngest member of the Scully circus(You know,for an ex Ber over sixty and with only one leg, you do very well in a creative line other than writing! Moreen must be quite a big girl now. Does she tower over any of the Saucerians? Has she met any of them or their children yet?)

I shall retaliate and send, along with a couple more saucer clippings and a photograph of a motif that looks like it was designed after flying saucers, a photograph of Cunegonda, without the gold mouth, hair, and fingernails of a BEM, or a white bandana, and one small male person of wide eyes, large ears, fair hair, beardless complexion, and a height not much above three feet, but as yet unreported to the Air Force, who is the offspring of one Cunegonda Mc Gee and is by name Donagh Lugaid or in common parlance, Donald Louis Morris.

Also is there a photograph, setting next to Cunegonda s offspring, Cunegonda being the one with the glasses, of a wide eyed, square jawed, intense looking young lady who is a first class student choreographer who would like nothing better than to produce a ballet featuring the little men, the Air Force, and the flying saucers in an interpertation of the first contact between living men of two planets. The young lady is One Beverly Knapp aged seventeen who is a very talented young ballerina. and also has flying saucer fever, but of a less intensity then Cunegonda.

Wouldn't be a scream if the little men make their debut at this same Un assembly Hall where the disk-like motif is featured. Could it Be? It would come as no surprise. But when is it going to come? When? When? I'm asking you, when already? WHEN?

When also is coming the chance to procure a copy of Secret Papers of a Flying Saucerian? When also is it going to be possible to procure the name and mailing address of a flying Saucerian, the genuine, not the imitation Air Force Space Cadet type?

When Secret Papers makes it's debut would you please put in prominent positions on your mailing list for it, the names of Marjorie Morris and William Hamlin. (A copy of Secret Papers and the other three books, autographed would make for Cunegonda and Marill a lovely wedding present, if you're of a mind, Mr. SCully. Also are you invited to be the guest of honor at same wedding, along with some of the little men, this wedding to be held sometime next summer.)

Remember! There is more to Frank Scully than the Saturday Review of Literature admits.

Also let it be known to all who look upon this writing, that Frank Scully was not delivered by a stork piloting a flying saucer, but came into this world as a result of perfectly natural phenomena.

God bless you and keep you and the Circus, and may you be well inscribed and sealed for the coming year, according to the code of an ancient creed,

Marjorie Morris

(your loyal and devoted defender)

P.S. Also would Donagh Lugaid appreciate a copy of Blessed Mother Goose (His mother willing to pay for same. There is such a thing as asking a friend for a favor and there also such a thing as overdoing it.)

Please read this first
for us, the product of two imaginations

Marjorie Morris

Quotations to be used in fantasy

Angels in The Shamrocks (Lilibet Listen)

And Kitty Markel called Ingy Malone and Kitty said," There is a shadow over Roisin Dubh tonight,Do you want to help lift it "

And Ingy said,"Of course." and she put in a call to relatives in Germany.

And Morris said,"To save Katleen, you must make her a living symbol. a woman,loaded with sex appeal.For sex is what youth lives on and Katleen must be young and radioactive with it. There's only one I know of who could take that part.And she's got enough sex appeal to raise a rod on Christine Jorgenson, That's Marilyn Monroe."

But Kitty Markel said."Why sex,though.Is it that important."

And Morris said," To the young it is,for we've been raised on it. Sex,sex, we live it,we breathe it. We see it in every sign,on our books,in our magazines,on our food adds. We dress for it,we eat for it, we take beauty naps for it. Why we even inflate our brassieres with air to imitate it. Lilibet has it,so must our Cathleen,so much that Lilbet will look limp next to her. Lilibet can do the can-can but only Marilyn Monroe can do the jellyroll."

And Kitty said, "Who can we call on Hollywood to get in touch with her."

And Morris said,"There's a man on Variety who might Know." And she put in a call to Hollywoood and said,"Mr. Scully There's trouble over Tara,a Hell cloud over Roisin'd head. Do you want to help lift it."

And Scully said "Of Course?"

And Morris said "Can you give me the telephone number of Marilyn Monroe,she's to bee our Queen Catleen."

And Scully Said,"But Why Monroe."

And Morris Said,"Because she's radioactive with sex and we need sex appeal to unite Ireland and save Terra."

And Scully said,"What happens if you don't get it?"

And Morris said,"In the words of my teeshuck of English composition, Brevity is the soul of wit,so Mr. Scully No sex,lotsa shit,and we get our noses rubbed in it.Slainte na h Hemingway."

And Mr. Scully did better than that,he gave her the number of Maurren O'Hara and asked her to intercede with Marilyn.

And Maureen O'Hara asked Marilyn Monroe," Would you like to pose for a picture "

And Marilyn Monroe said,"Sure,Why not."

And Scully of Variety put in a call to Luella Parsons of..... and said."Lolly there's a trouble over Tara tonight.So you want to help erase it.

And Lolly said,"Of course I do."

And Scully said,"Health to you."

And Lolly Parsons became the publicity director for Queen Katleen's Unification Campaign.

And Maureen O'Hara put in several more phones calls to rally friends for Catleen so that by the time the Duke of Edenburg put his plane down

upon English soil, In Hollywood an air liner was lifting itself into the air with six women aboard, headed for Dublin. They were Maureen O'Hara, Margaret O'Sullivan, Katie Hepburn, Dorothy Kilgallen, Margaret O'Brien and Marilyn Monroe, who liked to feel blond all over and was going to be the living symbol of the Queen of Darkness.

And when the plane landed in Dublin, they took Marilyn to the Dail to meet the Teeshuck and the Sein Finn. And she shook hands with the Teeshuck and said. "What do you want me to do, Mr. De Valera"

And Mr. De Valera said, "Nothing, just walk across the dais and look symbolic."

And that's how Marilyn Monroe became the living symbol of Kathleen ni Houlihan. And everytime she jellyrolled across the Dial Eirreann, the Sons of Destiny nearly popped their corks.

She stood there and looked symbolic and Katie O'Hoolorhan wrote for for her and Maureen O'Hara spoke for her and the daughters of Destiny brought sex to the Sein Finn.

And if Maureen O'Hara was a great actress when she played before the cameras of Hollywood, she was the Academy Award winner of all time when she spoke the words of Katie O'Hallorhan, as the Voice of Katie Scarlett O'Hara played before the Cinerama of History. And Marilyn Monroe jellyrolled across the platform and looked symbolic and Katie said, "Lilibet Listen!

There is another who should be with us today, but fate took her from us too early, and she was Margaret Mitchell, of the blood of Katleen and the creator of Katie Scarlett O'Hara who loved her own bit of Tara in County Clayton, Georgia in the United States of America that were not United in Katie Scarlett's day. And because they were not United, Katie Scarlett nearly lost her Tara, because disunity brought poverty and kept Scarlett from buying the seed to make Tara fruitful, so what did she do. She fought, yes and she killed too, and she was willing to sell her body to keep her land because she loved Tara so and she was the Katleen Ni Houlihan of the Confederacy. And if she were well enough to be here today, the Scarlett O'Hara of the screen, who is Vivien Leigh, also of the blood of Kathleen, would be here saying these words, but she is not so I say them for her. And if Miss Mitchell were here today, she would be with us on this platform and in the words of Katie Scarlett O'Hara she would say, I'll never be hungry again. As God is my witness, I'll not let them scorch my Terra."

And Lilibet listened and the world listened and Lilibet said nothing.

And Katie said, "Mamie listen, we need you too, for you are the Teeshuck wife, You are the President's first lady and he is the president of the only hope of peace, the United States of America. and he was once a man of War and how he is the Hope of Peace. For he is as much a symbol of the hope for continued health and wealth and happiness in your land as Kathleen is the symbol of bitterness and hunger and darkness. But do ye see what we've done to Katleen we lifted the veil of darkness from her head lifted the mantle of night from her shoulders and made her Blond all over. But in order for the country she symbolizes to become blond all over she must become united first and that is where we need your help. For where would your country be without the men of Katleen who helped bring into being and make it great,.....

.....

Where would your America have become if it had stayed devided. It would be like Eire today, without a birthright, without a brideright for Eire is a withering old maid. If you think Katie Scarlett had trouble in Georgie, think of the trouble of the Katies of Dublin. You are a young grandmother not too far past forty, my Katie O'Hallorhan is not far past forty either, but she is an old virgin. She is like her country a woman incmplete. At least Katie Scarlett was able to collect three husbands in spite of her struggles, but Katie O'Hallorhan of Dublin and of Belfast too, has only a frustrated Fenian by her

to work to pave my way to Heaven.Hear me Lilibet,I work hard,I have so much vitality,I have to because there is so much to do. Listen Lilibet,do not pull that lever and end the work for Lou.

And the publican says nothing but sews on a little girl's dress,while her babies sleep in their fathers house, and she anwers a sick light and wipes a dying face and prays that you will not pull the lever that will fire a child's dress and kill the seed of Grace.

And in this house of healing there is a laughing face. a face of light, and love,of smiles,and she has held men's hands and eased them into the shawdow of darkness so they slipped there without pain,and she has watched life come as well as go for she is a mother too with the same name as one of your warrior chieftans,Montgomery,Lilibet Listen,do not let the words of men force you to pull that lever and blot out the light of this gentle RN

And in this house of healing there is another of Roxsinspeople,in a white cap and starched dress,and in her hand she holds and instrument that caused pain when it enters the flesh, a needle,but it is an instrument of good because in the end it eases pain and hold death back,and her name is Juanita and her hand is black. Lilibet listen, do not let your hand pull the lever that will shatter the hand of a dark daughter of destiny and send us into eternity forever.

And in this city of destiny there is a scribe,Maphooz of the blood of Sheba and she is a daughter of the city of destiny and she says,"Lilibet listen I speak to you for a voice that's still but tries to cry out from under the sod beside his wife.I put the world on wheels,my name is Henry Ford,and my seed lives in every auto wheel that turns on Terra.Lilibet Listen, do not pull the lever that will destroy my Detroit,my monument to Clara."

And Marilyn Monroe jellyrolled across the dail and looked symbolic. And the cry of the daugther of the Dail and the watcher of the wheel,was picked up by the radio waves and echoed back from andother mother of the seed of Terra.

Madame Pandit said,"Lilbet Listen.My name is Pandit Nehru and I plead for the life of my queen who is mother India. My queen is barren and her seed is hungry,but she is not sterile and can still be made to create life with the help of artificial insemination. Lilibet Listen,do not pull the lever that can destroy my Hindustan."

And Marilyn Monroe jellyrolled across the Dial and looked symbolic and Lilibet listened and the world listend and Lilbet said nothin. But Madame Chaing said,"Lilbet Listen, My Queen is hungry and tyranny rid,but she is patient and knows that someday the red blight will go and she will be free to live and grow. Lilibest Listen,Do not let men force you to pull the lever that will send my China into dust forever."

And there are two sisters of the blood of Katleen who are also sustainer of life and creators of sons,and they ..... and Geraldine,and they are the mothers of men who are still only boys,and they say,"Lilibet listen and look and pray for the light that is God's glow,and do not pull that lever,let our sons live to grow..

(Madame Tolstoy has got to say something too.. for mother Russia.)

And the words of Woman shot into the waves of hate and beyond the curtain of iron as gamma rays from the mother atom. And there was a devil who heard these words and he said to his aides,"What is this,this power that transcends all fears?"

And Katie said,"It is Genesis, it is God,it is Woman, Creator of Man in her own blood sweat and tears."

And Marilyn Monroe jellywalked across the Dial and looked symbolic and the Devil of the Steppes shivered and felt the breath of Doom upon his tunic. And Lilibet said nothing,and Lilibet's teeshuck said,"HeresyHeresy,your Holiness put down this Heresy,"

and she is like a candle in the night a calm, bright, steady, glow

And his Holiness said, "But is it this Heresy, what this woman says, that she is the living God. I do not Know, I do not Know. But this I do. St. Joan was woman and she lived to liberate men and died in flames, and the men who killed her are ghosts with forgotten names. No Mr. Churchill I do not think it is heresy, but I know that your Little Queen is a daughter of the seed of Joan. Lilibet Lilibet, remember the words of Mary, whose daughter you also are, 'I am the mother of the lamb of Life.' and do not put out her glowing light."

And another Mary spoke from beyond the grave in the voice of another grandmother. Lolly Parsons said, "Lilibet Listen, I speak for the mothers of the creator of Men and Kings and Pharoahs and queens, whose name was also the same as the mother of the King Prince of Peace, your own beloved grandmother, who lies among the fresh dead. Remember that day when she said, to a little girl who was a Princess but not a lady, You are a Princess but someday we hope to make you a Lady. Well, Lilibet your father's death made you a queen, but only you can make yourself a lady. a lady is gentle, and I was a lady and I ask intervention for another queen who was woman manhandled by men, Katleen of Tara, Treat her like a lady Lilibet and she will love you and her seed of Tara and Terra will love you and I will rest easy in my grave, and know my task was well done."

And Marilyn Monroe jellyrolled across the Dial and looked symbolic and the world looked and the world listened and lilbet said nothing, but Churchill said, Pay no attention to them it's all propaganda, you are Elizabeth II the progenitor of Empire of Royal blood divine.

And Lilibet said nothing but Katie Said, Lilibet listen, they say your blood is divine because it's royal. Well what of it? Sure and isn't all blood divine because it gives life and feeds the flesh of Mary, who is the mother of all living things animal and human, and the greatest of all woman, who is humane man. In Bess's day they said royalty were not the same as common people. And isn't it a lot of shit, and doesn't yours smell as bad as mine, and choryphly11 hasn't taken care of that little thing yet, though it might because it's green the color of sweetness and life and my Katleen and your Britannia too, and didn't she have a narrow squeak, do you want to see her go through it again? Well if you do, Charles and Anne are safe enough, they're already evacuees. But what will the angels do if you pull that lever and destroy all blood, animal and human and it's the last, that's divine. And what will Margaret do if you destroy her Terra? Sure and she'll be pretty mad she likes the bright lights too much to want to baby sit in eternity. Lilibet listen, your blood is not better than mine, nor was Mary's blood better than yours and didn't she shed it the same way, bearing Jesus as you did bearing Charles. Lilibet Listen I speak for Mary, I speak for woman, you are not of the royal blood of man creator of empire, you are of the royal blood of woman creator of Man.

And Marilyn Monroe jellyrolled across the Dial and looked as sexy as Heaven. and Katie said. "Lilibet listen, and what do we know of Heaven, the sky the womb of stars, and where did Mary Go anyway, She saw her lamb die, and because he was her own creation, she left her man s sparked children and went to Heaven with him and they may be watching us now. And if he came back today, with his gentle nature and love of beauty Would they laugh at him and call him a fairy, Jesus, the tender Son of Mary?"

And one of the angels said, "Wow, listen to that life form fission off. Tari she sounds just like you when you're all charged up." And the other angel said. "Cut your circuit and be quiet. Listen to the woman, talk and know that as long as she talks the other will listen and there will be no war, and they will not make a sun of their Terra to sizzle our Tir Nan OG."

And Lilibet listened and said nothing but Churchill said. Her voice is too strong, we must weaken it. We will start a blockade."

"And Dulles dais, By the ryles of UN will will have to close the port of New York for passage to Dublin for Eire is not a member, and the Sons of Destiny faced starvation." But the daughters of Destiney like He11 they do.

say that you are the builders of civilization. You are the builders of the weapons that can destroy civilization. You were the ones who made it unlawful for Doctors to experiment on living flesh. You would not give any man's body over to the Healers, and you made it unlawful even for Doctors to learn avout the workings of the human body by declaring those who dared defy you by stealing the drseh dead, ghouls, You hung them becus they wished to learn more about men. And who was it that let her body be used for the first surgical operation on living human flesh. It was a girl a young woman not much older than mMarilyn."

And Marilyn Monrow jellyrolled across the platform and looked symbolic. and Katie went on. "And who was it who brought light to the world of healing. It was no man It was a woman named Nightengale. She fought againt men to bring health to them. She held her lamp high in the Shit stinking and blood clotted atmosphere of a dirty ward in the Crimea. And she said, 'I have come here to clean up this mess. And she did. And she is reincarnated today in Korea and her lamp is relit and glows down humanity's dark hallx every time a night nurse picks up her flashlight to answer a patient's call. And she was a young woman when she stabbed to do her work of good and she was a very old woman when she laid her lamp down and died and she did not work for a pension so she could retire at sixty five." Lilibet lilbet, don't let them talk to you of a security state for there is n no such thing except the one in woman's womb."

And lilbet listened and the world listend and Marilyn Monroe jellyrolled across the platform and looked symbolic, and Lilibet said nothing.

And Katie said, "Lilibet listen, In the land of destiny there is a city of Destiny, Detroit, Michigan, and in this city there is a House of Healing M Herman Kiefer Hospital, a tuberculosis hospital, a house of fear to men, and there are not many men there except those who are ill and unable to escape the dextiny put upon them by the bacillus TB. Who would die if they depended on men to save and succor them. But they are not dying they are gettin well, even with the stamp of doom on their faces, are being resorrected by the prick of the hypodermic needle, the miracles of God's grace from the grand, from our qUeen Terra, They are living because of Strep and Pas and Inah, and good nourishing food andthe ministrations of angels and queens who are the mistresses of the art of Tender Loving Care and who are human an not without error but are angels still because they saw the light of Nightengale and did not let her lamp die when her life went out. They are not all of the same class either, they are a trinity, a holy three, the Rn the Pn and the Ma. the three sided triangle , they are not all the same color either, or of the same religion of man but they are of the same religion as Mary and Terra, They are the mothers, the creators, the tenders and the sustainers of life. and here is a roll call of some of their names.

And there is a queen of darkness there too , a lady of the night. who did not let her brain sleep because her body was creating, who studied, and watched and listened and asked for advice before she left on her short but dangerous journey into the unkown of time and space, the hours of woman's labor. She went into the valley of the shawdow and by her own will and God's came back again with a new life in her arms .And she put the babe to sleep and left him in his fathers care and went into the night to minister to men and bring to them the light of her research. She came back to bring order and light and reason to the Hall of Healing and her name is Emma Hija and she is a mother and she is a young mother lilibet, like yourself.

and there is another lady of the lamp who is not young in body but is young and clear of mind. And her man died before he could give her the spark of life but Ruby Willis who is not a mother is still a nurse and a sustainer of life.

And in this house of Healing there is a Pharisee and a Publican And the Pharisee says, I have so much energy, There is so much I can do, I want

The men of Houlan are afraid to touch the women of Eire for fear it will set up areaction that will betray their bitter mistress the daughter of houlan side, a man under geasa to a misstress more seductive than any mortal. She is the ground upon which he walks, the land devided that cannot produce and be truly fruitful but must languish and wither away and the Irish race with it, ~~the Irish race of the blood that is, for there will always be an Irish race of~~ of the soil. Sean O'Faolin saw it and lamented for it in your Life Magazine not long ago. It might have beam a joke to the readers but it is no joke in Eire. If your Dr. Kinsey came here, he would find very little material for a sex research book. To his questions there would be many no's but few yes's not out of modesty but out of deepseated political frustration, and poverty, for where there is Partition there is poverty, our land is split, our loyalties too. Eire is not a complete country, she is like ~~an~~ a virgin an incomplete woman. As only a complete woman can create life so only can a complete country produce prosperity. Mamie listen we need your help."

And Mamie listened and formed the ~~Daughters of Kathleen~~ Washington DC cahpter of the Daughters of Destiny's United Foundation Shamrock Drive, for the Unification of Eire.

And Katie said, Lilibet listen and Terra too, you ask us about our Irishness, what makes us this way. It is not as much a state of blood kin as much as it is a state of soil kin. We look across the sea at this little Isle, and it's green and growing and fertile, and like a woman only needing a spark to make it fruitful, a little bit of Heaven, waiting for the angel to come down and populate it. But like Heaven it is not always easy to reach, many angels must cross purgatory forst. And Irelands Partition is her Purgatory. The fruit of Katleen's womb is scattered far from her. Just as your womb fruit is far from you in an angels hand. Lilibet Listen, only you have the power to return the fruitfulness to Katleen's womb and only the bog angel has the power to return to Lilibet the fruit of her womb.

And Lilibet listened, and the world listened, and lilibet said nothing. And Marilyn Monrow jellyrolled across the platform and looked symbolic.

(This goes just after the girls get to the Dial)

And Nettie Rosenstien came to Dublin to dress Marilyn and she said, cut

" She shall wear emerald colored satin, strapless and very low, her shoulders will be covered by mink, for warmth not as ermine is for show and her hair shall fall to her shoulders, and the sight of her will tighten the pants of every man on Terra, and she will be the living symbol of Sheila ni Gara."

And Marilyn Monrow brought sex to the sons of destiny. And Katie Scarlett O' Hara And the men of Eire nearly popped their flys when she jellyrolled across the platform and Katie Scarlett, who was really Maureen O' Hara said," Look at her, look at her. She is what you want to kill. Are you daft men? Why do you dstry the thing you love most? Where is your imagination? Can't you see beyond the somke rings of your cigarettes. Don't you realinze that a little thought will prevent a lot of trouble. Look at your children, the little boys fight with their fists and sticks, the little girls fight with their guile, their smiles and their tears, and only as a last resort do they use their fists, and then they use their nails and they can crucify men with those nails. Lilibet listen, do you want to see mankind on another cross, nailed their by your hands?"

And Lilibet listened and the world listened and Lilbet saidn nothing And Marilyn Monroe jellyrolled across the stage and looked symbolic.

And Katie spoke again at another monster rally. and Katie said,

"And you say what right have I to Speak against the deeds of men, who are the builders of civilization, I have every right, for you lie when you

Angels in the Shamrocks

Chapter Five Lilbet listen

And the daughters of destiny spoke from across time and space into the pen of Katie the living Mary, the unsparked virgin, and flowed from her pen into the clear voice of Maureen O'Hara the voice of life of mother hood, of woman complete of God. Who spoke at another monster rally of Wild Mother Geese and their goslings, (for it was woman who answered her call to defend Terra armed only with the child at her breast and under her heart. and hanging on to her skirt, the top of his head coming to the tip of her heart) And she spoke the words of a poet and a woman. Katie, said, "I lifit my lamp beside the golden strand, I say give me your huddled masses, your poor, your burden heavy, (I forgot the rest and the deadline seems too near, you fill in you me Mary.)

And I will give them light and light and bread (My God she did!) For I am liberty the lady of the lamp, and I am Emma Lazarus the Jew, the poet, the woman, the creator of words and the creator of Men, I am Mary I am God. And will Mac Carren let me in, no I'm over thequota."

Lilibet listen, do not let them shut the doors in an angels face.

And the angels said, "Great Cosmic particles, but I'm getting tired of waiting for this public conditioning project to get the idea across, so the US little men from Mars can go on our sightseeing tours. And Tari said, Cut your current and calm down, let the woman speak for if the men act, there will be no Terra for you to sight see and they will destroy our Tir Nan OG in their own death flames and my baby will be another exodee and Margaret Rose will be as mad as Hell, She's getting tired of Bathing Chrles and Anne in the same tub and at the same time because of our low water pressure, And she s even more fissioned off at sitting all cramped up in that little tub trying to take a bath herself. But She's still a lady and a Princess, I haven't heard he swear yet.

And Lazarus said, "Lilibet Listen do not keep the angels out, do not starve Katie, do not let the lust for man's estate empire, starve the Seedof Terra, if you let them force that lever, the Kenyatta Mau Mau will be soft and loving compared to the Devilthe Hell bomb the destryor of Terra of You of me, our seed and God. My peopel have their Isreal, but she was reborn in blood, and hate not light and love. Ireland is the displaced persond camp of the angels who fell when Velikovsky's comet shattered their Heaven and sent them out on the space exodus that was to them what Pasach wahs to Moses. And who was their leader, we do not know, but his blood may flow in the Veins of De V, lera, the Gentle teeshuck of Eire who stands in front of the dail with his head bowed and his hand on his beads that are the synbol of life, Mary, Love, Terra. Lilibet, Lilbet do not take his katie from him, give her back whole like the woman you are only needing the spark to flow with life and vitality, with the force of Mary, Woman the God man saught to force on her own ground to call him master He Buried Mary's face in her own feces but she lifted her head and smiled at him and lifted her hand and threw it back at him, by letting him invent the Hell Bomb, whic is like feces, Hemingway would call it shit, and my teeshuch of Eng. Comp worships his type of style so Maphood the scribe who writes for Katie and Lazarus and Mary will call it that too, to please my teeshuck Werry, Lilbet listen do not force the lver of Hell and the Face of Eamon into the shit of a dead semen, his destroyed Eire, our destroyed Terra."

And Lilbet listened, and the world listend, and Lilbet said nothing, but her teeshuck said.

I am old but I was a great fighter in my day and I still can lead you on to the victory of Empire, not only here but across into space. You are the progentoro of Empire, given to you by divine man, God's grace of royalty."

And the angels, said, "Let that old bastard even try to put his hands on the controls of a terraman's ship, built by Terra men to colonize Mars, our Terra, and I'll Blast him into cosmic dsut, and let him wander forever in space."

And the other angel said,Oh no you won't,you have no weapon except that one I gave you and that is the power to create,I took from you the power to destroy and if you try anything funny wE'll open the stud farms again,and y you'll end up a donor to a semen bank instead of a servant of God."

And on Terra beside the Dail Eirreann,there was a stifled sob, from the heart of the teeshuck Eamon,and Katie held his hand and kissed and said, "Lilibet listen,listen,to cry of the man with his hand on the beads. Look upon the tears of the gentleman De Valera. The tears of god for the sins of Man.Lilibet listen,Give him his Katie,all of her,whole,so he can die in the arms of God.Do not let man's lust for empire you to pull that lever and sorch the green from Eire's sod,and kill our queen,our Terra our Mary,our God."

And Lilbet listened,and the world listened,and the angels listened and lilibet said nothing,and Marilyn Monroe jellyrolled acrose the platform and looked symbolic and as sexy as heaven. And Marilyn said to Maurren O'Hara,

I'm tired of jellyrolling around and looking symbolic,I want to say something symbolic too. "And Maureen said,

"Alright, then at the end of each speech,I shall pour for you a glass of water and hand you a piece of bread,and you must dip this bread in the glass and say,'Slainte na h sex, slainte na h bread,slainte na h blood, slainte na h life,slainte na h sod, slainte n ha Marilyn,slainte na h Mary, slainte na h Mary,slainte na h God.' But you must say your slaintes right,"and be careful not to flub your lines."

And so Marilyn Monroe got a speaking part in the greatest Cinerama of all times.

(Mr. Scully,I just checked those slainte mary s,morris only intended to put down one put Mary made her write two,you are a Catholic is this symbolic to you,I am a humanoid life form and its very symbolic to me,an walk under the sigh of the Virgin and Mary put her mark upon Marjorie's destiny,while she lay in the womb of a woman of Gemini,Laura,who is Christened Eleanor and she lost her first born son at birth and Resurrected me in that same scarred womb,she had to have medical treatment for the ravages of that first birth,so that I could live and grow and speak for Mary,and myself,and woman,the complete woman mother,and Terra and God.and I thnk Mary for put me under her sign.)

and you can see that the handwriting is much worse. Slainte na h Gutenburge,and I was given the grace to see an actual page from his Bible in the home of my Kathleen ,Mrs. Markel of Detroit.)

(!!!!!!Mr. Scully,there are also nine Slainyes,and it wasn't the doing of Morris but of Virgo of Mary!!!of God. as you can see when Morris rigths she can't even spell.)much less count,so you can say that the slaintes were the work of Mary,and now for more in the Great Cinerama,and I bet that the Revealation comes on Easter Morning of 1953.If it doesn t more and Einstein are both going to look like fools.)

and the voice of Lazarus spoke again,Lilbet Listen,Your Teeshuch said,that he could lead you to great empires even unto space,only the sword creates empires and a man's hand must hold the swordto oppress,woman only holds it to defend her own,her seed ,her soil,like Scarlett O'Hara shot the brains out of the man who came to steal the money that was taekn from the sweet mother of the fiery Katie,the gentle Ellen,lover of Phillipe and wife of Gerald O'Hara,wife agaisnt her will,but mother out of the love of life o of God,and she had six sons who died in county Clayton Georgia,and Katie and Margaret both wrote and spoke for Tara and Terra,Margaret Mitchell lives in every woman who is under the sign of Mary,and she was struck down by an unseeing, speed driven man,an unalert cab driver.Margaret thank you for giving me your lamp and may I always hold it hi gh for Mary.)

Now lets get bsck to Lazarus,-- How can your teeshuck lead you to new empires of the sword,he needs the help of other men,leaders soldiers,armies and What of the great cheifteans today,Montgomery,Mac Arthur,Eisenhower. Montgomery is old,but his name lives in a woman,a nurse a glowing candle in the night,who works while her son and husband and daughter,her seed sleep in their father's house,and she is quiet like a candle,and light,a steady bright glow of life and she is a gentle Rn,and I love her ,and so would you and so does Mary.Mac Arthur is fading away,an old soldier,and he said so himself not as much of his sturdy body but of his militarism,He is no longer a wilful killer of men,he is now a stockholder in a typewriting company, an instrument for the use of writers,God s most prolific creators short of the Sod,and Mary and her seed which is Terra,our God,our living body.

And Eisenhower the great teeshuck of Armaggeddonx is the hope of Heaven for Terra,for life for peace for seed for wife,Mamie the young grandmother who will become the First Woman Prsident,though she may never admit it to Ike,she wouldn't want to hurt his feelings,womaen who have such complex nervous systems and such easily hurt feeling should be the last to injure another's though they are sometimes unkind,it is because they see not,not that they do not want to see."So there are you great chieftains Lilibet,old men fading from the ways of war. and where are the young warriors,Ha,and i say it again ha.they are dojg everything short of self abuse to get classified 4F. There are those who are coward but quiet,like women,who accept what the draft boards send and go into battle frightened but willing to accept Death. And these are the greatest warriors of all the,genlemen who like woman accept what God gives and go into the valley willing to die so others may live. and Many of them do,on both sides,and this is the most senseless death of all for it only breeds more death and the threat of man's self hell the Hydrogen bomb, But htose men are still brave anyway,and I say Slainte to them,and Mary's. Mary says that too,so shegives them blood,held in the hand of a Night engale,a gentle nurse or male medic who is a gentleman,And the need,the sparkplug of life,injects the blood,Mary,God life,and the young warrir lives to return to his wife and his sacred seed,his god. and if his seed is gone,he is no worse off then others,the barren,the sterile women,like Christin,the female man. But they if they love life,do not envy the seed of others,but seek to protect it as they would their own,They may not grace their wombs with learning but they grace their souls with love,and are the greatest teeshucks of all the teshers of woman's seed.The guardian angels of humanity.And since the womb which holds life,cannot hold education.the gentle teachers are given the creative minds to make up for their seedless bodies,or scanty sod,for on a teachers salary,who can feed the lambs of god.

Mr. Mac Carthy,teachers are the seekers after the truth,they many not always find it, they may think they do in the doctrines of shit of false hoods,but because they are teachers and seekers after the truth they lead t themsleves out of the darkness of doubt and into the light of the thruth,the light of love of light of Mary,aGod of motherhood and creation.

Mr. MacCarthy be carefyl in your investigations of your brother, for lies are like feces,above the ground they putrefy and contaminte and c asue illness,but in the womb of the groundour Mary,they recreate to bring forth new life.

And feces in the words of Spillane is shit,not a pretty sound but even less a pretty smell,and truth is not always good ,it is something negative,this shit,it's the end product of life food that nourishes the highest form of life humanity,the true seed of Mary,intelligence,soul,imagination.in the form of man,with hands, that are the most perfect tool of creation except the womb,the cradle of life. No ~~one can~~ cration without evacuation, and the medics who are seekers after the light of trhuth know this to be true of all living things,feces of man is more complex than the end product of others because more complex life forms make it up in order to nourish the most complex of all life forms,humanity,so naturally it smells worse than anything else,but it looks horrible on the external flesh of the lamb of life, the human body,so the angels of beaty and truth the nurses wipe it our gently and flush it back to Mary so that she may recreat with it. Otherwise it hards and becames a mass of ugliness,covering the glowing light of life.

Mr. Nac Carthy lies are like shit,ugly and covering the face of truth,the face of Mary. Mr. Mac Carthy seek truth in your investigation, not vague gneral lies,Mr. Mac Carthy listen,do not force lilibet's hand,do not wipe shit on my Mary's golden strand.

Mr. Mac Carthy remember Lilibet is a mother,and do not let her listen to lies. She is Mary in Terrestial woman's guise.Do not let her hear your false accusations,the lies,the mental shit,the ~~xxxx~~ the ground for the seed of man's hate against his brother. Mr. Macarthy when you falsely accuse another,you ~~xxxx~~ you putrify your soul and scarify your mother. Mr. Mac carthy do not wipe shit on Mary and make her pull the lever that will splatter it in her face, this little Mary our Lilibet.

Mr. Scully I t s Morris speaking now,there is more to this great cinerama,at least twenty one spaced pages but I cannot write them before the deadline,so I want you to have this portion now,I am sending it to you on Mrch 27,1953 knowing that you who I had faith in will have faith in me. And if you want me to complete the great cinerama,it will be my atom and electron charged will to do it for you and the little angel gave me the will to do it.(Great so now I'm a poet.) Lousy speller

Mr. Scully you who are a Catholic and a believer of guardian angels, are the only one I can tell this to of Terrestial men.Since St. Patrick's night I truly believe that I have walked with an angel,a little man son of Mary the eternal woman,the living God. This is what happened,I was writing a completely different story,a science fiction satire.with a hemingway type style,when I again met my Katleen,Mrs. Kitty Markel of Detroit Michigan ,475 Fiske Drive) (The typewriter said mr. she might be since she is not mother but female man. like Christine,and unsparked woman,but very creative of mind and the living symbol of the lovers of life the Virgin' s of God,who are the servants of the seed of God,cratmon, and Kitty is a reader and a studier and a mourner for Develara lost strand,Ulster,also she is a personal friend and told me much of the gentle goodness of the sweet,almost blinded Teeshuck who along with a Gentle Jew is one of the NINE men in terrestial destiny to understand what woman has known all the time,the force of creation,the eternal magnet,positive and negative charges,the genesis of man,woman,the womb of the worlds.

And I fell in love with the Teeshuck of Eire,I was already in love with home of the angels,and I wanted to do something for him as a writer as creator of words that can bring war off peace.So Katie Markle gave be the inspiration and Mary gave me the spirit and destiny gave me the timeliness to write this fantasy Lilibet Listen,and may she heed the cry of destiny for she is the ruler of Man,not as Elizabeth II the progenitor of Empire but as Lilibet,the mother of Charles,~~xxxxxxx~~ and Anne, the progenitor of life and man,Lilibet the little Mary,the young living God.(poor old philip just another spark in the stud farm of Terra,but a nice one who can be a wonderfull inspiration to the rest of mankind who on Easter Sunday of 1953 are going to become the servants of woman,their true God. And Slainte to Mrs. Scully we knew it all the time. (And were they these little genlemen,sent as saviors by their own mother rulers of their Terra the Martian Mothers,to show Lilibet her Destiny and give Maphooz the scribe the drive to save her fathers seeding place Damascus,the oldest city in the world,young agian by American know how,and here is the jackpot question did one of thos e little gentlemen come back from a scouting trip with a box of Tampax,and a round radioactive burn on his pale gold wrist from trying genesis on a Syrian scribe who felt his present like a gentle charge of electricity,right through the sheets.and received it because she felt that if it was the spark of life it was generated by an angel I didn't see his face but I felt his present and let my self go limp like the spring soil,the eternal virgin,and i didn t move my body till my mind asked a question,How do I know what you look like,what is your mark for me.And I swear to you on Mary my mother life,my lamb that I saw in my mind a pale golden hand,small,but thin like a man's and on the wrist a round wound the center a brown scab and the edges being regenerated with living growing skin,and that hand was on a wheel and flashed in my soul eye like a light and when it was gone,the presence was gone and I was abel to go to sleep. But before that I'd not had a clear sleep since St. Patrick's night. and I saw breath on the windsheild of my car that I couldn't wipe off,so I felt the reason why was because the little angel was sitting there.But I tested him,we were on the way to hear an Irish writer P.Colum speak,and it was late and plenty crowded so I who was alone,except for the presence,said. Little angel if you're really her Youll find me a place to park,and lo so help me,just as I appraoched the corner of a street on cass avenue,kirby i think,a man pulled his car out and i was able to drive mine right in with out any manuvering, and i had the window open and has invited him in

because it was cold and damp outside, a few minutes before the car pulled out, like a man's penis in a woman's body xdx upon withdrawel, easy and in one motio and after i had invited him in the windshield cleared up. so i asked him to sit next to me where i could put my arm around him, but he didn't, but when they the door was opened, I left it open and reached over to pull the ignition key from the lock, and while my arms were in another place my purse that wan't near me fell from the car and into the street and the presence left. But came back again in the library and told me to let the writer read my work, and i waited for him while the others greeted him, and the voice said, She waited at his right hand and bided her time. and when he read what was written he didn't ake his eyes from the paper til it was finished. he said he couldn't understand why I was so interested in Ireland as I'm obviously not Irish, so I said but what of the men of the East who came to Ireland and are similar to the Syrians, and then he said yes, if I was syrian I was of the blood and he was so busy telling me of his interest in syria and how may great syrian writers he read and respected that the host had to come over and ask him would he please meet some more guests. and I know i could never have approached this strnger if my nagel hadn't been with me. He also visited me last spring in april, and snitched some paper, that's story you recieved last summer was the one i was writing themand he snitched several sheets of paper so that I had to end it sooner than morris would have liked (morris can ramble on forever, but the angel was impatient. he may spaek for me but he is a lousy typist so please excuse, if you want a revision, you811 get a better one, later.)

But what happened later was even more amazing, I talked to a young man, an Irish Catholic and told him of the angel on the windshield and he said he wasn't surprised either and he felt as if the Great Day was almost here too, ans when we said goodnight we only kissed, but on St. Pat S night when we met we nearly fusrd off were were so hot but didn't because neither of us wanted to force and unwanted seed into life. Last night, our kiss nime anyway was cold and he respected it and said goodbye goodluck, Walk with Mary.

So I went to work but I couldn't think of anything but the word about 1 lazarus and Christine, who is to me like Christ, a woman i n a man s body unsparked but full of love for others, and wanting to help the poor angel men who shoud be woman. so I wrote and a voice said Leave here Let s generate, so i told my supervisor miss, jasper o aldy of the night what i was under a terrific urge to wirte and felt that i was not going to be able to work that noght, so i must go home or not be responsible for what happended and she said alright, i understand, and i left and when i came home my father was asleep, my mother went to my sister in okla who had a nervous breakdown while waiting for the army to decide what to do with her hypertienxiv husband, and her pregnant too for the first time. So it was midnight and I was the only one awake in my father's hous and my mind keep saying genesis, this is your geneisis, and when i let the angel in theire were three door i had to oben, the storm, the house and the door to my room. and i opened them and went to undress and wondered what to wear while i wrote, and a voic said, she went to him in white the color of purity and i was wearing a white slip, that had once been blue, the color of the second marraige, and I said if this is to be i can only receive it so i went upstairs in my white slip and almsot expected to see hm, and was afraid he might be a little bemish, but ready to look upon him anyway, because i like the way he talked or thought trnasmissed himself to me. after girl you who were once a fen know about the power of thought thransmission. and also it was thurs nite, the nite of the rosecrucian study and i am a nephty what lousy spelling. so I went upstairs expecting anything but I saw no one only felt some one say lay down and recieve life and I did and it didn't hurt me but it must have hurt him because that was an ugly burn and his skin was so smooth around it.

and when he left me i cried becsue i wanted to touch him and feel his warmth against me but i siad you have given me your sign so when we meet i will hold you tight and kiss your mouth, but i might slap your fanny first for the pressure you put me under. then i thought of a poem and mr. Scully please do not share this page or thise poem with any other but my little angel. who cameto me on march 27, est between 12:45 and 1:30 am and gave me his charge of genesis in the year of Mary 1953

i had to get up out of bed to write the poem, and i the morning

when I read it it was just as beautiful to me as when I thought it

also I first caught on
Nightengale = Nights angel
Sights in Darkness
Florence
Destiny

My little angel

I will serve him well with tender loving care
and also the child, created by God for he and I to share

while he lives with me on my golden strand
and if he must follow human wanderlust
and bury his body and his life blood
in another Terra's sand

When he kisses my lips, goodbye
I'll tell my little angel that I understand

(But I'll do my damndest to keep him with me or try my hardest to let him take me and the children with him, but if he must go I'll understand and let him know as i kiss his hand and wave goodby from my Terra s sand

but before he flys out of my life to a spaceman s eternity, I want to meet his mother, and his sister and prother, and show them the product of our genesis 1953 and my Donny the creation of terrestial man, who is good and will be the creator of son for heaven and daughters for Mary. For the ngels are men who have the wanderlust of space and the Mary's are their women who pray for themand weep for themand nuture the image of them, their children created by god in the image of man.

And this Mr. Scull I commend to you, the teashuck of the truth and scribe of the blood of the angels and de Valera.

And if my little angel reads it with you let him know I love him but I still intend to spank his fanny for the wierd situation he put me through which only goes to prove that sex, is greater then any science fiction

Slainte Na h MARILYN MONROE , THE LIVING IMAGE OF UNSPARKED MARY, THE WOMB OF GOD'S MEN (you notice i didn t say vi rgin, for her l ife is her business, and many virgins are hard and worse than devils for they hold the seed of life from men. And those who know men but do not creat life are (by their own selfishnessnnot by fate)

are the protistutes of Mary, for they know men but they create no god.

and I have been all of these - but my greatest state is Mother

I sign this Marjorie Morris of Terra but Maphooz the scribe of Mary

How is gloria Chin these days, I went to school with her in Detroit, and was very energized to see your beautiful Mother Goose illustrated by her husband's hand.

Maphooz and Chin, both seed of Mary, one of the almond eye and one of the olive skin, one the wife of Keye Luke and the other the wife of Luke the Spook, the little gremlin angel man.

(And that's his nightname and he may as well get used to it now.)

Sincerly yours March 27, in the year of our lord 1953 which on Easter april 5, will become the year of our Lady Mary. I

And Nostradamus can rest easy in his grave for Lilibet is of the Blood of Mary and will guide our lamb of love from the shores of Destiny from the yawning mouth of Hell to the womb of Tir Nan OG woman, the land of eternal hope and promise and isn't it funny that both Churchill and De Valera are in or very near the three score and ten that mark the end of rule by men.

Slainte na h DESTINY
Mary Dove our LILIBET and guide her well with your daughters help and I offer myself gladly as one of your daughters.

M. Morris